# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVII. No. 2302

and BYSTANDER

London ugust 8, 194





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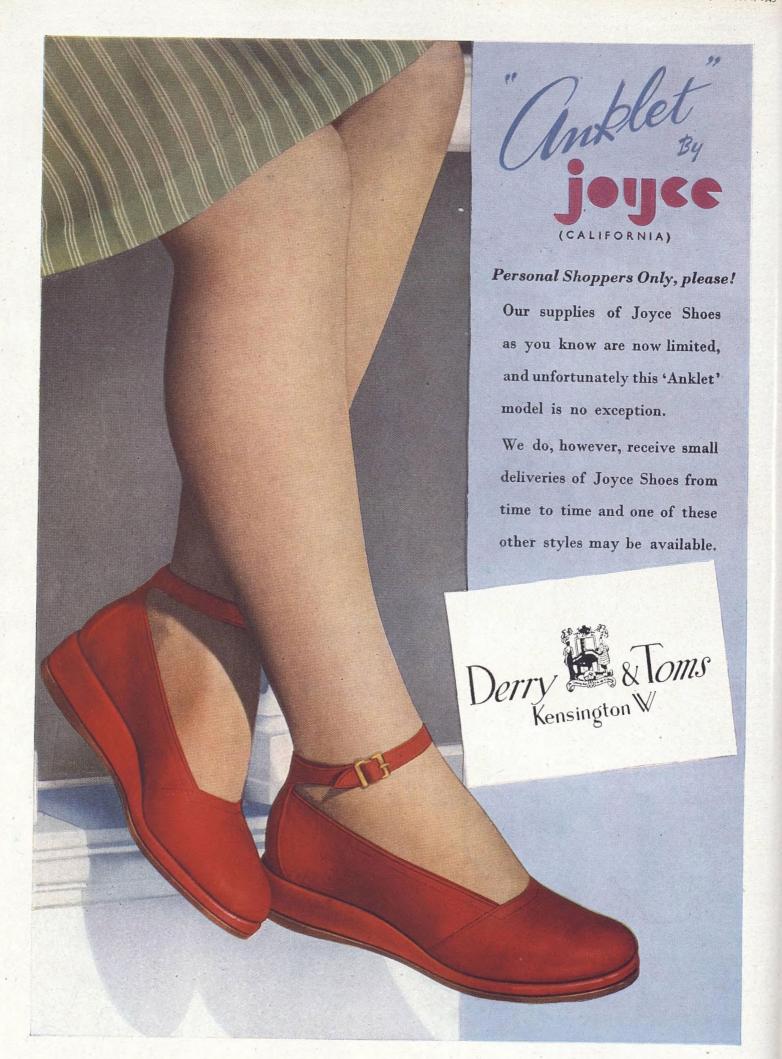


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### THE TATLER

LONDON **AUGUST 8, 1945** 

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 11d.

Price: One Shilling and Sixpence Vol. CLXXVII. No. 2302



Marcus Adams

Lady Rendlesham and Her Daughter Lady Rendlesham seen with her daughter, the Hon. Caroline Thellusson, who was four in April, is the wife of Captain Lord Rendlesham, The Royal Corps of Signals. Lady Rendlesham was Miss Elizabeth Rome before her marriage, and the younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. R. C. Rome, of Monk's Hall, Glemsford, Suffolk. During the war she ran a farm, near Aylesbury, with a friend. Lord Rendlesham is the son of the late Lieut.-Col. Hugh Edmund Thellusson, and succeeded his uncle, the seventh baron, in 1943



### Way of the World

#### By Simon Harcourt-Smith

The General Election

PARDY reflections upon a General Election are bound to carry a certain mortuary air, to be a sort of political seed-cake, or crepe hatband. This is no place to talk party; nevertheless without debating why the Churchillian regime has been swept so quickly into limbo, I can with propriety lament the defeat of various friends; nor would it be indecent to welcome the victory of others. First, lamentations. I weep for few defeated ministers, but the House will be the poorer, I think, for the loss of such active backbenchers as Bill Astor and Sam Hammersley; no less deplorable is the absence of Peter Thornycroit -an absence which will not, I hope, be indefinite.



Family Reunion

Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Commander South-East Asia, who returned to this country recently, is seen in London with Lady Louis Mountbatten and their daughter. Third Officer the Hon. Patricia Mountbatten

#### Bill Astor

Except for the years when he was serving in the Middle East, Bill Astor was about as assiduous a Member as could be found. He possesses two qualities of great price in the political worldinexhaustible vitality and immediate response to new ideas. Moreover, he has the art of dressing the pompous machinery of administration in an atmosphere of laughter that is very pleasant indeed. How much we need a slight spirit of frivolity in our government—the panche which, for instance, inspired one of our representatives in Central America once to report a revolution in the following terms:-

"At four-thirty the mob stormed the Presidential Palace and did the President to death with the utmost barbarity. At five o'clock they seized the power and radio stations. They are now advancing with menacing cries upon H.M. Legation, and unless help comes quickly, I shall soon no longer have the honour to be,

Sir, with great truth and respect, Your most humble obedient servant."

But to return. Perhaps the saddest element in Bill Astor's expulsion from East Fulham is that this election has been a first taste of political life, and probably not a very seductive taste, for his new bride, Sarah, Richard Grantley's charming daughter. Indeed, they were married when the fight was already at its height; from Admiralty

House where the reception was held, the Alexanders had not yet removed their furniture; fervent Conservatives of East Fulham blocked my way to the refreshments.

#### Michael Astor

 ${
m B}^{
m UT}$  as some slight compensation, Bill Astor's  ${
m B}^{
m brother}$ , Michael, has got in comfortably for East Surrey. The political mantle has passed in turn from father to mother to eldest son and now to third son. Only one Astor in the House where once there were three; but at least James Willoughby de Eresby, Bill and Michael Astor's brother-in-law, is safely back for the Rutland Stamford division of Lincolnshire.

James Willoughby, it will be recalled, lost a foot in Normandy last summer when one of our own tanks in the heat of action knocked him down. I can think of no more exasperating manner of getting wounded; nor does one like to contemplate the pain involved.

Sam Hammersley

SAM HAMMERSLEY is another Tory back-bencher Whose disappearance from the House will not, I hope, be permanent. No member save, perhaps, Dick Stokes struggled as manfully to clean up the muddle in tank design, and to ensure our armoured divisions being as well equipped as the Germans. He failed, yet had he not struggled so persistently, our men might have been even more

poorly served than they were.

And now for the victorious. I am delighted to see that John Strachey has got in as one of the two Labour members for Dundee. His lucidity of mind and expression, his natural coolness, are qualities rarely encountered in the House. He has been out of it far too long. What a remote epoch seems that of the second Labour Government in 1929, when Tom Mosley was supposed to be the rising hope of Socialism, and Fascism loomed as remote apparently in his political composition as did Brixton prison. He went to the Duchy of Lancaster, if I remember rightly, and John Strachey was his Parliamentary Under-Secretary. Even in those days he seemed to me a much more interesting figure than his chief.

R. H. S. Crossman, who won East Coventry for Labour, is another brilliant asset for the new House. I do not, alas! know him as well as I should choose; but I recall a speech of his at a meeting of the Federal Union Club at the begin-ning of the war, when, without rancour or passion but with a diffident precision utterly delightful to witness, he cut through all the false heroics and ballyhoo of the conventional Government propaganda, and pleaded for us to turn the conflict into a real crusade; we should, he said, conquer Europe not only with weapons but also with ideas. Had we but followed his advice, what futile deserts of suffering might have been avoided.

Adrian Crawley

Of Adrian Crawley, Labour victor at Bucking-ham, I can speak in no way personally. It is so long since we played upon the sands as children in the romantic shadow of Bamburgh, that Northumbrian castle which for all its phoniness, its electric lights dangling in hollow armoured hands, yet embodies for me that illogical medieval nostalgia evoked by the lines:—

"Their swords are rust, Their bones are dust,

Their souls are with the Saints, we trust."
But Adrian Crawley, though I know him no longer, personifies for me a change of infinite importance in the composition of the Parliamentary Labour Party. For he represents youth, which is badly needed there. In the old House it was a sad enough business to survey the Labour back benches. For the most part, lined and careworn faces of men who needed, you'd think, a seat by the fire rather than a seat near the gangway Then, a Parliamentary career was the reward of eternities of painful service in one Trades Union or another, the equivalent of a K.C.B. among the Tories. What vision or audacious thinking could we rightfully expect from such tired veterans?

Let us hope we now see the end of this Socialistic reactionism, a plant far more noxious than any grown in Colonel Blimp's garden. Meanwhile, we must congratulate the new member on his marriage with Virginia Cowles.

#### Miss Cowles

This war has left me with few genuinely unimpaired emotions, but my admiration for Miss Cowles is one of them. I would never make a good journalist. While a world-engulfing curiosity gnaws daily at my vitals, I want it to be gratified indirectly: I am incapable of putting the direct question. I want and expect ready confessions. Now Miss Cowles worms secrets from the most taciturn in a manner so elegant, her persistence



Mr. Churchill is Returned Member for the Woodford Division

Mrs. Churchill, representing her husband, shook hands with Mr. Alexander Hancock, the defeated candidate, who had stood as an Independent for Woodford. With them was Miss Mary Churchill. After the result of the election, Mr. Churchill drove to the Palace and tendered his resignation to H.M. the King, as Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury and Minister of Defence



Britain's New Prime Minister With His Family

Mr. Attlee was recently photographed with his family, and is seen with Alison (left), and Felicity, while standing are Mrs. Attlee, with Martin, who is in the Merchant Navy, and Janet, Section Officer W.A.A.F.

falls so far short of exasperating one, who can tell whether her success is a question of pure charm, or of coming from a country where journalism is often a university course? In any case, I can see her allurements and technique used upon the future electors of Buckingham with consequences fatal to Tory hopes.

#### Aristeides

Reading in the more serious press endless explications of the Tory defeat, I wonder whether one possible element has been overlooked—boredom at virtue over-advertised. I am reminded of the story of Aristeides the Just, an Athenian politician who had succeeded in cowing his contemporaries by sheer weight of rectitude. In the Athenian democracy they followed the practice (which we might do worse than copy) of periodically voting to decide which tiresome politician should be exiled or "ostracized," as they called it, from the

State. Walking down the street on a day of such an election, Aristeides was accosted by a farmer from one of the demes outside the city; he had come in to vote, but could not write; he asked Aristeides, whom, of course, he did not know, to record his vote for him. The fellow he wanted to see kicked out was Aristeides the Just.

The statesman loyally recorded the vote, then asked the farmer whether he had a grudge against Aristeides. "Goodness, no," the man replied, "but I get so bored eternally hearing him called the Just. . . ."

#### Cheltenham

We went to Cheltenham last Saturday. In any sane country this town would be famed as a jewel of early nineteenth-century architecture and planning. We for the most part only think of it as the sad haunt of grumbling colonels. Nothing could be further from reality. The sparkling yet



Whitehall After the Election

Three ex-Ministers of the old Government who were putting a cheerful face on things were Mr. Brendan Bracken, ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Donald Somervell, ex-Home Secretary, and Lord Simon, former Lord Chancellor



London's Youngest M.P.

Twenty-five-year-old Captain Frances Baker seen walking with his father, Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, M.P., is the newly elected member for Brentford and Chiswick. His father topped the poll at Derby, so they will make a family double



The New Foreign Secretary

Mr. Ernest Bevin, who has been appointed Foreign Secretary in the new Government, accompanied Mr. Attlee to Potsdam when he went over to continue the Three Power Conference. Mr. Bevin is seen talking things over with General Ismay



Newly Elected Labour M.P.s' Meeting

Looking pleased with life were General Mason Macfarlane, M.P., who defeated Mr. Brendan Bracken, and Sir Stafford Cripps, President of the Board of Trade, who were chatting together at the meeting at Beaver Hall

shady streets, the elegant Regency shop-fronts with their caryatids and the wreaths round their windows, the graceful ironwork and the pagoda hood over almost every doorway combine to give one an impression of gaiety rare in any English town today. Cheltenham waters got their first great advertisement from the visit of the Royal Family in 1788. The town was afterwards laid out by a minor and eccentric genius, John Papworth (1775–1847). The result is a lesson in town-planning, and a conception which I almost prefer to Brighton, for all its drama. But then I am very strongly affected by the "nostalgie des villes d'eau." I can quite understand why Queen Hortense wandered from one watering place to another. How I would like to have known Baden-Baden in Turgenev's day.

#### Fiddles in a Cathedral

Going into Gloucester Cathedral, we were greeted by a scream of fiddles that transported us back to Austria for a second. It was the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra rehearsing in their shirt-sleeves Sibelius' Second Symphony. I am no Sibelius fan, but I am bound to say the noise which echoed under the graceful oyster-coloured vaults of Gloucester that afternoon was very stirring indeed. The conductor, Mr. George Weldon was a trifle worried by the resonances of the place; and certainly you heard the cellos reverberating for at least fifteen seconds high over your head. But for us this distortion was as satisfying as the rich rumble of the earliest radiogramophones.

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"The Conspirators": A Story of Spies

### Myself at the Pictures

Seeing Stars

By George Campbell

I YING before me is a programme. "Warner Brothers," one reads, in huge black type, "present Hedy Lamarr and Paul Henreid in *The Conspirators*, with "—in type only slightly less impressive—"Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre and "—by now the typography is modest, though still legible across a room—"Victor Francen, Joseph Calleia and Carol Thurston, directed by Jean Negulesco."

Beneath is a smudge. Adjusting my spectacles, and peering closely, I decipher the words:

"Screen play by Vladimir Pozner and Leo Rosten. Additional dialogue by Jack Moffit. From the novel by Frederic Prokosch. Music by Max Steiner."

Is it too much to suggest that this, quite inadvertently, sums up what is wrong with film production? The public, we are always told, plumps down its cash at the box office to see stars. Miss Lamarr's dark beauty and grace, Mr. Henreid's wavy hair and gentle charm and eyes sad with the sadness of one who has spent the best years of his life in the Hollywood underground, Mr. Greenstreet's massive authority, Mr. Lorre's plump and lazy menace -these, apparently, are what the public want to see, If Mr. Gary Cooper is always the laconic cowboy and Mr. Errol Flynn always leading forlorn hopes and winning a post-humous V.C., and Mr. William Powell always urbane and witty-well, that's the sort of people they happen to be. Director? Writer? Most of the fans don't know there are such people, and would consider them pretty poor fish if they did.

This, I repeat, is what we are told. But is it true? I refuse to believe that the public is quite so stupid. One bad picture is accepted as a regrettable accident; two, and the fans start murmuring that Hedy or Betty has gone off something cruel; three, and some of the biggest stars have come down to earth to find themselves through. So it all boils down to this—that a star is as good as his picture, and a picture as good as the director, and a director, no matter how talented, is only as

good as his script.

How much the Warners spent on the stars of *The Conspirators* I don't know; but I do know that enough acting talent for half a dozen thrillers has been lavished on an amalgam of

The scene is Lisbon, a neutral city, in case you don't know, populated almost entirely with

spies. There are spies to spy, and spies to spy on spies, and spies to make sure that spies who spy on spies do their job. Now, having passed twice through Lisbon in wartime, I know there really was quite a bit of espionage. At the airport you landed between German, French, Italian and Spanish planes; at the bar you might rub elbows with a sleek Italian, or a bristly Hun, or a Vichy Frenchman with cold dead eyes in a sallow mask; in the hotels little groups sat whispering at tables over their wine, and huddled silently in the corridors and watched you go by.

What were they up to? Heaven knows. Drug-running, perhaps, or black-marketeering, or just a little deal in white slaves. It goes without saying, too, that there was a certain amount of espionage of the approved Phillips Oppenheim kind. The elegant, unaccompanied mysterious blondes who gambled nightly at the half deserted Estoril were popularly believed to be all Axis spies, and I'm inclined to think they must have been to live, unless they took in each other's washing. I suggested to a lonely English friend that if he wanted an inexpensive romance he had only to show up at the Casino hugging an attaché case stuffed with old newspapers, and some conscientious Mata Hari would feel it her duty to give him what Americans comprehensively term the works. He said it was a very ingenious idea, and that when I had tried it he would be interested to know how it turned out.

So much for life. But in the film! The spies come in squads. There is (a) the Allied contingent, among whom I recognized Mr. Henreid, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre and (in a tiny role) the star of silent days, Monte Blue; (b) the Nazi spies, led by Steven Geray and Kurt Katch of the hooded eyes; (c) two spies, free lances of doubtful allegiance, Miss Lamarr and Victor Francen; (d) spies we never really meet, unless a momentary glimpse of some one falling with a bullet in his back, or slumping with glazed eyes in a chair, constituted an introduction; and (e) Portuguese spies, engaged in watching all other spies whatsoever.

Spies shoot from dark alleys, peer through windows, listen at doors, confer in secret committees at pawnshops and embassies, and line up, like Cup Final teams, at either side of the gaming table. • Vincent, a member of the Dutch underground movement, arrives in Lisbon and is immediately whirled into the activities of a similar organization, where he falls in love with Irene, a beautiful girl who is the wife of Von Mohr, an official at the German Legation. They are both members of the organization, but Von Mohr is eventually proved to be betraying the conspirators and is shot on trying to escape from Lisbon. That polished actor Paul Henreid plays, Vincent, and Hedy Lamarr is the girl he loves. Other strong parts are Sydney Greenstreet as the underground leader and Peter Lorre as one of his confederates

And the net result? Miss Lamarr looks lovely and wears a succession of frocks and hats proving that even the most active member of the underground need lack nothing in chic; Mr. Henreid proves again on the screen (as Nelson did in life) that patriotic errands may wait upon romance; Mr. Greenstreet delivers himself of some philosophic platitudes with enviable aplomb; and it all adds up to practically nothing at all.

All of which gets me back to the point I set out to make at the beginning. What's the use of lavishing so much talent, such elaborate sets, such lovely costumes, so much money, without doing something effective with Mr. Prokosch's novel, and the screen play by Messrs. Pozner and Rosten, and the additional dialogue by Mr. Moffitt? Preferably with a

match.

"It's a Pleasure" (Odeon) tells the story, not entirely novel, of the amiable wastrel redeemed by a good woman's love. Michael O'Shea plays the wastrel without much conviction, Sonja Henie is the good influence, and I need hardly add that the more spectacular scenes take place on ice. Incidentally, what has happened to Miss Henie? She used to be (if I may use the term without offending our gallant Allies) Dutch-built, with a good deal fore-and-aft and the bulging, muscular legs developed by her profession. Now she is as slim and shapely, from head to foot, as any glamour girl. How does Hollywood achieve these miracles of "grooming"? Diet? Massage? Surely not surgery? Whatever the secret, I wish it could be passed on to Elstree and Denham.

Pièges, revived at Studio One, serves to remind us that a pre-war French film a little below the highest class may still stand out like a peak from the flood of contemporary rubbish. The plot—a police investigation into the mystery of missing girls-is worked out plausibly, the dialogue is civilized and pointed, and the characterization is refreshingly adult. And how admirable the acting is! Maurice Chevalier sings with infectious gaiety. Dea is extremely attractive, as well as an accomplished actress; Erich von Stroheim made the most of the melodramatic episode of the mad coutourier; and the supporting performances are all in the great French tradition. I, for one, ask nothing better.



Major-General Sir Drummond Ingles received the K.B.E. He is seen with his wife and mother outside the Palace



Captain W. S. Skinner of Lymm, Cheshire, was awarded the C.B.E. With him here are his wife and daughter, Second Officer B. M. Skinner



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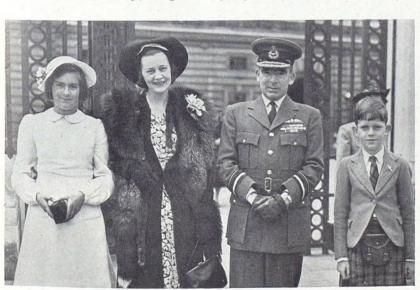
Lieutenant-General Sir Frank Messervy was given four decorations, the K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. and Bar. He, too, had his wife and daughter with him

### Honours For The Services

The Navy, Army and Air Force at the Palace



Four brothers came together, three of them to be decorated. Cdr. P. M. B. Chavasse, D.S.O. and Bar (who fired the torpedo which sunk the Scharnhorst), was with Cdr. E. E. Chavasse, D.S.O., D.S.C., Colonel K. G. F. Chavasse, D.S.O. and Bar, and the Rev. Claude Chavasse, Vicar of Kidlington. The family comes from Castletownshend, Cork



Air Vice-Marshal T. W. Elmhirst was another representative of the Royal Air Force at the Palace. He brought his wife, his daughter, Jane, and his son, Roger, with him. Air Vice-Marshal Elmhirst, who comes from Barnsley, Yorkshire, received the C.B.E.



Family foursome was made up of Air Vice-Marshal H. B. Russell, of Camberley, Surrey, and his wife, son and daughter. Air Vice-Marshal Russell received the C.B.



The Senior Service had three representatives in Rear-Admiral C. Barry, Vice-Admiral C. Simeon and Instructor Rear-Admiral A. Hall. Admiral Barry received the Hon. Order of the Bath, and Admiral Simeon and Admiral Hall the O.B.E.

### The Theatre

"The First Gentleman" (New)

HEATRICALLY speaking, the First Gentleman is eternally the Prince Regent. When he appears on the stage we expect to see him, not as the Prince of Wales (the good-looking, colourless youth who figured lately in the short-lived Gay Pavilion), and not as George IV (whom we are apt in our vague way to confuse with the other three), but as the Regent, that flambovantly absurd personage for whose dandyism and vanity, good taste and extravagance, bonhomie and heartlessness the severest satirists have always felt a special tenderness. All his eccentricities and inconsistencies had the saving grace of exuberance, and, in retrospect, at any rate, he had the grotesqueness which often in dogs and sometimes in men becomes amiable. He may have been a bad husband, but he dressed well, a false friend, but he chose witty companions, and if he was as vain as a peacock his vanity never lacked style. Mr. Norman Ginsbury's problem was to find a sequence of events which would keep this magnificent stage figure moving with agreeable absurdity through three acts

He chose the love match of the Princess Charlotte, and the little story serves his purpose admirably, even though it has to be told in two parts and the full stop at the end of the second act has a perilous air of finality. But the episode has the overwhelming advantage of exhibiting all the facets of the princely showman's eccentricity in the bright light of ridicule and of bringing them at the end into an

almost sinister focus. It is the Prince Regent's idea that his daughter, Charlotte, shall marry a dull Dutch prince and, by removing herself to The Hague, leave him with the undivided adoration of the people. But the Princess Charlotte is a high-spirited child with an imperfect sense alike of Court etiquette and of her father's grandeur. She is for marrying a poor but kindly Belgian prince and for staying in England. Open defiance fails to work, though it culminates in a glorious slanging match between the Regent and the princess; but there follows a well-imagined little scene in which Charlotte contrives amid the fantastic splendour of the Pavilion to play off her popularity with the people against his pet delusion. Here the full stop occurs; but in the scene of Charlotte's brief but perfect happiness and of her premature death Mr. Ginsbury most skilfully re-creates the suspense of the earlier acts. The Prince Regent is deprived at a blow of a daughter and an heir, but he can think only of the details of the funeral procession, a piece of solemn pageantry which shall attest his own good taste and bring him, perhaps, the popularity he has so long craved

IF the Prince Regent had never existed, it would have been necessary to invent him for the benefit of Mr. Robert Morley, whose identification of self with part is complete. He plays him with a kind of breathless preciosity, rolling his grandiloquent phrases with such zest that they take on a flavour of wit and



Princess Caroline of Wales, the Regent's discarded wife, vents her hatred and despair by violently sticking pins into a pin-cushion image of her husband (Amy Frank)

leaving at the end a slightly terrifying suggestion that beneath the amusingly flamboyant externals there is a bottomless well of utter selfishness. Miss Wendy Hiller is the Princess Charlotte, a performance of sharp-edged girlish vitality. The melancholy Queen Caroline is beautifully played by Miss Amy Frank. Mr. Laurence Irving's charming settings and the gorgeous costumes of Miss Elizabeth Haffenden give the period play a fine theatrical glow.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



The unhappy lovers, Princess Charlotte, and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, are forced to say good-bye because the Prince Regent will not countenance their marriage (Wendy Hiller, Philip Friend)



The Prince Regent's regal pomposity has no effect on Miss Knight, the Princess's governess, who speaks her mind with spirit, and leaves the monarch full of outraged dignity (Una Venning, Robert Morley

### "The Cure for Love"

A Lancashire Comedy by Walter Greenwood



Jack Hardacre returns home to Lancashire from abroad, and falls in love with the war-worker billetee, Millie. He is much embarrassed when his forceful mother, who will never take no for an answer, insists on his showing her his slight wounds while Millie looks on (Renee Asherson, Robert Donat, Majorie Rhodes)

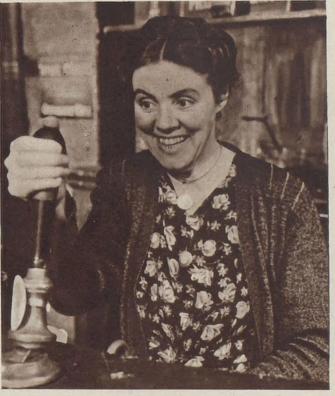


Joe Trueman, foreman at the factory where Millie works, is also in love with her. Harry Lancaster, the publican, watches a tense scene between the two when Millie tells Joe that she will never care for him (Alec Faversham, Renee Asherson, Charles Victor)

This Lancashire comedy by the author of the famous play Love on the Dole is full of the blunt speech and hearty good nature of that Northern County. Robert Donat returns to the London stage under his own management, and gives a fine performance as the attractive but inarticulate young sergeant, who finds the rigours of warfare far easier to deal with than women. That delightful young actress Renee Asherson plays the girl he loves, and Joan White the vamp who tries to get him, while Marjorie Rhodes and Harry Lancaster put in excellent character performances. The play is produced by H. K. Ayliff



Jack has an awkward moment with Janie, his pre-war fiancée and the local vamp, who tries her best to hold him to his engagement, into which she had tricked him before the war. He comes to the conclusion that fighting wars is a preferable business to the complications of love (Joan White, Robert Donat)



Mrs. Sarah Hardacre, Jack's rod-of-iron "Ma," at last agrees to marry the publican, Harry Lancaster, who has perseveringly proposed to her over a long period of time. Jack has also married his Millie, so when everyone wants to celebrate "after time" Ma takes the law into her own hands and pulls some beer with gusto (Marjorie Rhodes)

### On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Results Day

Results Day

Results day passed quietly at Buckingham Palace, where Their Majesties had a full and varied programme to carry out, irrespective of the momentous declarations which hour by hour were made known on the tape. Lord Wakehurst, who has such a long and proud record of work as Governor of New South Wales, came to see the King, and, with Lady Wakehurst, remained to lunch with Their Majesties. In the afternoon the King and Majesties. In the afternoon the King and Queen found time to go out into the Palace gardens to mingle with and talk to many of the 700 wounded men of both wars, all still in

hospital blue, who had come to the Palace to attend the ninetieth garden-party given by the "Not Forgotten" Association, and the Queen's eyes were filled with tears as she heard from more than one of the guests of twenty years and more in hospital, with the Palace parties as one of the few refreshing breaks.

By tea-time, when the overthrow of Mr. Churchill's Government was a certainty, the King was prepared for a long evening of political audiences, but first, with the Queen, he entertained to tea two important visitors, his cousin, Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, back in London from the Potsdam Conference, and





Two Recent Weddings in London and in the Country

Capt. Stephen A. V. Russell, The Black Watch (R.H.R.), younger son of Brig.-Gen. the Hon. A. V. F. V. Russell, and of the Hon. Mrs. Russell, of Ketches, Newick, Sussex, married Miss Ailsa Mary Pilcher, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pilcher, of The Gows, Invergowrie, Dundee, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Lt.-Col. A. W. A. Palmer, D.S.O., M.C., North Irish Horse, elder surviving son of Col. Palmer, M.C., and Lady Alexandra Palmer, of Great Somerford, Chippenham, Wilts, married the Hon. Veronica Saumarez, elder daughter of Lord and Lady de Saumarez, of Shrubland Park, Suffolk, at St. Mary's, Coddenham





Two July Weddings Which Took Place in London

Capt. Ian Akers-Douglas, Berkshire Yeomanry, elder son of Lt.-Col. the Hon. George Akers-Douglas, and the Hon. Mrs. Akers-Douglas, of Colebrooke Park, Tonbridge, Kent, married Miss Phyllis Parsons, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Parsons, of Sherfield Hell Resignated at Hall. Trivity Property Hall, Basingstoke, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Major the Hon. George W. ff. Dawnay, Cold-Major the Hon. George W. J. Dawnay, Coldstream Guards, younger son of the late Viscount Downe, and the Dowager Viscountess Downe, married Miss Rosemary Grosvenor, younger daughter of the late Lord Edward Grosvenor, and of Lady Dorothy Charteris, at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street



David Gurney Judge of the High Court

The Hon. Mr. Justice Hodson, who has been a Judge of the High Court of Justice since 1937, was photographed with his daughter, Anthea (left), and Lady Hodson at their home at Rotherfield Greys, near Henley-on-Thames

Lady Louis. To Lord Louis the King handed his insignia as a Knight Commander of the Bath (Military Division), awarded him for his inspired leadership in the South-East Asia Command, and from him he heard some more first-hand reports of the bitter fighting our men are waging in the heat and sweat of the tropics.

Change-Over

L ESS than an hour after Lord Louis had left, Mr. Churchill, who had been received the night before in audience to make a report on the Berlin talks, came in for the last time, to tender his resignation as Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury—an audience that must have been something of a strain for both participants, the one handing back the proudest charge of his long life, after discharging it in a manner unequalled in history, and the other saying good-bye to the man who had been his Prime Minister and staunch supporter during the most terrible and dark days of his reign. Already the King had summoned Mr. Attlee to the Palace, but by one of the rare niceties of party politics, the Labour leader did not arrive until some five minutes after Mr. Churchill, still smoking a long cigar, had left.
Recognising the special difficulties of the new

Prime Minister, faced with the necessity for immediate return to Berlin for the continuation of the talks with Generalissimo Stalin and President Truman, in addition to his normal preoccupations with the formation of his new Government, His Majesty told Mr. Attlee that he would meet his convenience in every way possible, and for this purpose drove up specially to London from Windsor Castle on the Saturday

after the results were made known.

#### Oratory Wedding

THE marriage of Mrs. Nora Reynolds Albertini to Lt.-Col. James Veitch, Grenadier Guards, brought together many old friends of the bride and groom separated by the exigencies of war during the past five or six years. Mrs. Veitch is a well-loved figure of London life. Before the war she was known as a brilliant hostess, kindly and hospitable to everyone with whom she came in contact. Since 1939, however, she has devoted all her time to the organisation of entertainments am her time to the organisation of entertainments for the troops and to the equipment of ambulances and mobile canteens, which have been sent all over the world wherever men of the Allied nations are fighting. She is a Governor of The Star and Garter Home, and on her wedding invitation she voiced the hope that wedding invitation she voiced the hope that friends, instead of sending presents, would make a small donation to the Home, where, as she said, "every shilling means so much."

(Continued on page 170)

### Scottish Scrapbook

Some Ancestral Homes and the People Who Live in Them



Mrs. Alexander Edward Dalmahoy is the chatelaine of Auchindinny House, one of Midlothian's most stately old homes. She was formerly Miss Margaret Inglis and is a niece of Sir Charles Inglis. Auchindinny was built from the designs by Sir William Bruce of Kinross



Miss Eleanora Cameron and Master Peter de Pree are seen at Prestonfield, which is one of Midlothian's most celebrated mansions. Miss Cameron is a sister of the late General Sir Archibald Cameron, and Peter de Pree is the small son of Capt. and Mrs. H. Y. de Pree, of Beech Hill



Mrs. Guy Bullough was photographed at Gleneagles, the lovely seventeenth-century home of her brother, Capt. Alexander Napier Chinnery-Haldane, who succeeded to the Gleneagles estates through his cousin, the fourth Earl of Camperdown. The property has belonged to the Haldane family for more than 700 years

Photographs by Brodrick Vernon

Right: Mr. Alaisdhair Bullough was on leave from the Royal Marines, and was putting in a little rifle practice at Gleneagles, the Perthshire seat of his uncle, Capt. Alexander Napier Chinnery-Haldane. He is the younger son of the late Mr. T. G. Bullough, of Fasnacloich



Major Walter McCulloch served with the Lothians and Border Yeomanry, and was not long ago repatriated after four years in German prison camps. He is the brother-in-law of Mrs. Alexander Dalmahoy, and the son of Major-Gen. Sir Andrew and Lady McCulloch of Ardwall and Lochanhead



Mrs. Walter McCulloch, seen with her younger son John, was photographed in the drawing-room of Auchindinny House, Midlothian. Mrs. McCulloch was formerly Miss Katharen Inglis, and is the second daughter of the late Mr. John Inglis of Auchindinny

### On and Off Duty

(Continued)

At the Reception

With women paying tribute to the brilliant VV sunshine in white hats and printed silk dresses, and men heralding the post-war with a return to morning-coats and toppers, the reception brought back nostalgic memories of healf-forgotten days. The bride, wearing a beautiful ice-blue dress, exquisite in its simplicity, and matching turban, received her guests with her tall husband. She was given away by her sailor son, Lt. "Bill" Albertini, now in Naval Intelligence at the Admiralty, and her schoolboy son was there too. The bridegroom's sister, Mrs. MacNish Porter, very elegant in printed silk and large, upturned black hat, was greeting friends everywhere. She arrived at the reception escorted by Lord and Lady Hacking and Col. and Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall. Her brother, Ivor Maclaren, very tall and handsome, was best man. He has recently returned to London after service with the R.A.F.

Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney proposed the health of the bride and groom.



Operations Plotter

Sgt. Gwen Molesworth has been serving in the Operations Room at Fighter Command H.Q. She is the daughter of Major William Nassau Molesworth, M.C., of Fairlawn, Lytham-St. Annes, and a cousin of Viscount Molesworth

With him at the reception were Lady Courtney, wearing the gayest bright-green gloves brought for her from the United States by her husband, and her daughter, Mrs. Bickford. Among the many guests were Major Sir Ulick Alexander, H.E. the Belgian Ambassador, G/Capt. Sir Louis and Lady Greig, Mrs. Lowsley Williams with her son and daughter-in-law, Major and Mrs. Philip Lowsley Williams, Capt. and Mme. Kolb-Bernard (Alice Delysia, sparkling and charming as ever), H.R.H. Prince Vsevolode of Russia and Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, Sir Noel and Lady Curtis-Bennett, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare, the Earl and Countess of Portarlington, Lady Waddilove, the Earl and Countess of Jersey, Sir Giles and Lady Loder, Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall, and so on and on through a whole host of personalities well known to London and to all those who love London and

#### Son and Heir

THERE has been great rejoicing in Derbyshire at the birth of a son and heir to the Earl and Countess of Harrington at their home, Elvaston Castle, near Derby. This is not their first child, as they already have two little girls, the elder born in 1942 and the younger in 1943. The Earl of Harrington has been overseas with his regiment since he recovered from the very nasty accident he had last year, when a grenade exploded during a demonstration and burnt his arm badly, but was back in England when his son was born. A few days later he went down to enter the baby for Major Frank Coleridge's house at Eton, but was unable to see his son's future house-master, as he is still overseas with his regiment. Lady Harrington, who was Eileen Grey before her marriage, is the only child of the late Sir John Grey.

#### Two-Day Meeting

Windson's very enjoyable two-day meeting, the first for many months, drew a good attendance on both days. Now zoning has ceased there were several entries from market, and two of the races were won by fillies sent from headquarters. These were the Earl of Rosebery's Blue Smoke, who won the Herne's Oak Stakes on the first day and is now fancied for the St. Leger, to be run at York next month, and the other Sir William Cooke's chestnut Happy Grace, who won the Stewards' Handicap Plate by a head from Golden Cloud. Bartholomew scored a double on the second day with Debtor and Edenbridge, which are both trained at his home in Kent by F. Winter. This is not a fashionable part of the country for training, but Mr. Bartholomew has a very big fruit farm in Kent and, being a great horse-lover, he likes to have his horses beside his home, where he can enjoy and see them every day. Lord and Lady Irwin



Sofa Conversation

Capt. Harcourt-Wood and the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunkett, two members of a small supper-party, found comfortable seats on the wall sofa



Reunion in Mayfair

The occasion called for some old brandy when Major K. B. Bibby, the Assistant Provost-Marshal, and Major B. B. Topham, both of the Grenadier Guards, celebrated their reunion

were both there to see their good two-year-old Banco score yet again, his sixth consecutive

OTHERS I saw were the Earl of Rosebery, the Duchess of Norfolk, Lord Tennyson and Lord Portarlington, who brightened the scene with their I.Z. ties. The Earl and



A Stalag Luft III. Production

"Back Home" was presented by men of Stalag Luft III. at the Stoll Theatre. Sir Alfred and Lady Street were at the performance, the profits of which are to go to the International Red Cross





London Wedding of a Well-Known Hostess

Mrs. Nora Reynolds Albertini, wellknown hostess and philanthropist, was married at Brompton Oratory to Lt.-Col. James Veitch, 'Grenadier Guards Among the many guests at the wedding reception were Alice Delysia and her sailor husband, Capt. Kolb-Bernard-de-Forge, a cousin of General de Gaulle





Snapshots of Diners in the London Restaurants

A mixed foursome were made up of the Hon. Noreen Long, Sir Christopher Codrington, Lady Codrington and their son, Simon, who was on leave. Miss Long is in the W.R.N.S.; she is the daughter of the present Lord Long

Capt. the Hon. Simon Astley dined à deux with his wife, the youngest daughter of the Viceroy. (N.B.—We take no responsibility for the Sam Browne; the photographer assures us that Capt. Astley wears it that way)







Supper Tables Were Greatly in Demand at the Bagatelle

Photographs at Bagatelle by Swaebe

The Earl of Minto dined with his wife. The Countess of Minto is a Canadian and is the nother of the two lovely Elliot girls, Lady Bridget Clark and Lady Willa Elliot

Major E. Cooper-Key, The Royal Norfolk Regiment, only son of Capt. A. D. C. Cooper-Key, D.S.O., R.N., was with Lady Moyra Forester

Others in the party were Mrs. Cooper-Key (the former Prudence Mathews) and Mr. Charles Forester, who is in the Rifle Brigade and has been a prisoner of war

Countess of Lewes were walking around together; Mr. Ian Henderson, home on leave from one of the Household Cavalry regiments, shared his wife's pleasure when her horse Golden Sorrel won the third race; Sir Alexander Korda was paying one of his rare visits to a racecourse and was watching the horses go down with Lady Stanley of Alderley and Mr. Carol Reed; Capt. Hector and Lady Jean Christie

were down from the North for a few days, and, like many people, had been busy house-hunting; and among others were Sir Eric Miéville, Lord and among others were Sir Eric Miéville, Lord Gowrie, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord and Lady Delamere, Sir Melville and Lady Ward, Lord and Lady Andrew Cavendish, Major Charles Sweeney, Mrs. Jacky Ward, and Mrs. Longmore, whose parents, Sir Edward and Lady Baron, have just registered a half-share

partnership in Your Fancy, which ran third in the Stewards' Handicap. Captain and Mrs. Curzon-Howe brought their small daughter, and Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooks were in the paddock with her little nephew, Alan Lillingston, son of Mrs. Luke Lillingston, who had just returned from school and was going over to his home in Ireland for the holidays a few days later.



Woodley, Werrington Garden-Party at Trentham

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland were photographed with Mrs. Coverwell, one of the oldest pensioners at Trentham, the former historic residence of the Sutherland family, when a reception was given recently to tenants, estate workers and pensioners in the grounds



Christening at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

The six-months-old daughter of Sir Charles Madden (Captain, R.N.V.R.) was christened Roseann during her father's recent leave in this country. Her godparents are Cdr. D. E. Holland-Martin, R.N., Mrs. Neil Henderson and Mrs. W. L. Pilkington. Above are Above are Mrs. Pilkington, Lady Madden and Roseann, Sir Charles Madden and Mrs. Henderson

# 5+unding By

One Thing and Another

#### By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

TEN thousand brassy amateur tenor larynges are probably quivering at the news that the colourful shako may be re-introduced as the Army's ceremonial

He-ARR lies a JAW-lee light dra-GOO-

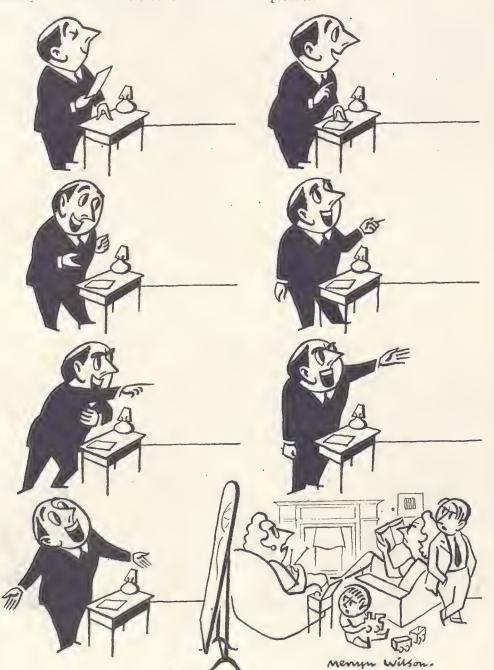
Who la-HAHVED his old sha-KO-O-O-OH!

The War Box is right. Like Hector and Napoleon's generals, who went in for ostrichfeathers, warriors should wear gay plumed headgear whenever possible, making them beautiful and terrible. Why do you think the angry old Duke of Cambridge's celebrated surprise-order was carried out instantly at a certain Aldershot review?

"Are your pioneers on parade?"
"Yes, Sir. Rear of D Company, ten paces left."

"Then get 'em up here and make 'em dig a bloody great hole and bury your bloody battalion in it."

This was done at once. It wasn't merely the gold-and-scarlet and the bitter blue eyes which cowed the colonel, it was the fierce heron-plumes streaming from that terrific cocked hat. Had the Duke been in undress uniform, or in a bowler hat and civvies, there might have been some respectful hesitation beforehand, we guess, and even some attempt at compromise.





"Things are different since he was demobilised"

"Oh, Sir! What an idea!"

"What's that?"
"Doesn't seem right, Sir, somehow."

"Are you refusing to obey my order, damn

Quandary. Orders are orders, but what will people say at the Rag? "Look, there's Golightly of the Loamshires, who had to bury his bloody battalion."—"Disgustin'." Damned awkward. Then inspiration comes,

"Do you know any fairies, Sir?"

The Colonel could then reveal to the Duke how the fairies in Kensington Gardens pretend to "bury" lost children in leaves, a charming ceremony, and maybe the Duke would finally agree to the pioneers carrying out a "tend" or "token" burial. This would incidentally have been much more economical, though they didn't have to think of things like that in those opulent Victorian days. However, the power of the heronplumes prevailed.

#### Enigma

CPACE was rationed so keenly for the trial of Marshal Pétain, we observe, that the President of the French High Court and the Minister of Information had to take into account the breadth of the average Special Correspondent's sit-upon, or behind (25 other genteel synonyms available). The figure ultimately agreed on was 20 inches, which gave the fattest of the boys breathing-

space, so to speak.

Most Special Correspondents fortunately are lean and spare. If you read the thrilling books they write about their adventures you will realise why, for the daredevils are always dashing round Europe amid constant perils, snatching scoops, rattling Chancelleries, ducking away from women, foiling Prime Ministers, out-smarting spies, grab-bing State secrets, dodging police and firingsquads, and generally having a breathless and fascinating time. This keeps them pretty fit. We calculate, being an avid reader of their memoirs, that the average Fleet Street and New York Special Correspondent runs about 108 miles per annum from the most exquisite women of every race on earth, all mad with love and brutally discarded at the last moment, at the call of duty. Yet when you meet them in the flesh the boys have the homeliest of pans, with tired, bloodshot eyes and dandruff in addition. This is a great mystery.

(Concluded on page 174)



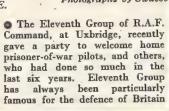
Three Air Commodores having a drink together were A/Cdre. Whitney Straight, C.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., A/Cdre. A. C. Morris, C.B.E.. D.S.O., D.F.C., and A/Cdre. B. A. C. Ressell, C.B.E.

The R.A.F. Throw a Party

Given by 11th Group at R.A.F., Uxbridge



Photographs by Swaebe





Two wing commanders and a group-captain enjoying a joke were W/Cdr. Gerald Kidd, M.B.E., G/Capt. J. Cunningham, D.S.O., D.F.C., and W/Cdr. J. F. Checkelts, D.S.O., D.F.C., from New Zealand



Air Vice-Marshal D. A. Boyle, C.B., A.F.C., A.O.C. 11th Group, Mrs. D. A. Boyle, Air Marshal Sir James Robb, K.B.E., C.B.E., D.S.O., and Lady Robb



Mrs. E. Haabjoern, Mrs. R. Carey, G/Capt. Johnny Johnson, D.S.O. and two bars, D.S.C. and bar, American D.F.C., W/Cdr. C. E. Haabjoern and S/O. Heppell



Two Air Vice-Marshals who were in good form were Air Vice-Marshal W. F. Dickson, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., A.F.C., and Air Vice-Marshal H. W. L. Saunders, C.B., M.C., D.F.C.



A/Cdre. T. N. McEvoy, C.B.E., and Mrs. McEvoy were a cheerful couple who were enjoying the party



All formidably armed with beer mugs were G/Capt. F. D. S. Scott-Malden, Mrs. Crowley Milby, and W/Cdr. Crowley Milby, D.S.O., D.F.C.

### Standing By ...

(Continued)

#### Footnote

A NOTHER mystery is that Special Correspondents' constant emotional upheavals don't seem to affect their typewriting. With lips still smoking with the kisses of some ravishing highborn female Czech, Hungarian, Turk, Russian, or what-haveyou, who has just tried to shoot them, they sit down coolly to the old portable Corona and rattle off their usual 1500 words or so of colourful, inaccurate prose. Ourselves, we couldn't see to punch a single key if kissed by an elderly woman policeman with pince-nez on a wet night in Manchester. Just a matter of glands and ganglions, no doubt. Or keeping fit?

T HAT big whale which earned a "News in Brief" line recently for loafing inshore round the Shetlands was probably a lazy devil who had let the main herd go on, a knowledgeable chap tells us. The spring trek eastward is now over. Not that anybody knows much about whales, except for that embarrassing social handicap they have.

You know about that, we guess. It's in Moby Dick, so far as we remember. Nobody will dance with a whale and even its best friends don't like to tell it. Those tense little social dramas the publicity boys work up for big dentifrice firms should feature

the whale, we've often thought. Huge tough tattooed chaps about to fire a two-pound bomb-tipped barbed harpoon into a whale's gizzard from a gun feel as awkward, maybe, as those handsome distressed chaps who turn away from tearful girls at parties. Maybe whales have no mothers to whisper the truth into their distracted ears? The clever publicity boys could probably combine both cases in one layout, anyway.

"Oh, look, Lord Cyril! Why is everybody rushing

away from that lovely girl with sad eyes over there?" "I expect she has never heard about GUMPO, Lady

Angela."
"She seems to be blaming that whale behind her."

'How much better, Lady Angela, if somebody told them both about GUMPO, the perfect dentifrice! Like a breeze, in the mouth " (etc., etc.).

You say a whale at a smart party would look odd. We say nobody would notice it after a couple of shots of the kind of gin you get at parties nowadays. And if anybody did see anything odd, he (she) would be afraid to mention it. You know how censorious people are.

#### Snoop

BIRD-LOVERS agree, we find, that it is pretty decent of the Air Ministry to décide, after recent protests, not to use Grascholm Island, the Pembrokeshire gannet sanctuary, as a bombing target in future.

The birds themselves, if given the choice of being watched by Professor Julian Huxley and the West Wales Field Society or bombed by the Air Force, would probably prefer the watchers. Yet it never seems to occur to the naturalist boys that staring is rude, as Nanny should have told them. We used to know a chap who spent some weeks every year on and round Skomer, an adjacent bird-island, goggling his eyes out. The unfortunate birds had no privacy at all, yet if a lot of inquisitive puffins and gannets snooped round that boy's windows in the naturalists' mating-season he'd be the first to pull down the blinds and complain to the Times. A pity, perhaps, for it might amuse the

"Coo! Is that the female?"

"Must be. Look at the dingy plumage."
"She's got a sharper beak."
"And on even lousier song."

"And an even lousier song. "I shouldn't think their young would be very interesting."

"Dusty says their young have two heads

If the naturalists have a scientific excuse for snooping, so have the birds.



"The way you speak to me, anyone would think I was a customer,"

That alibi was invented, we guess, by the first bird-watcher in British history, when Lady Godiva had gone home to

#### Recipe

THE recent death of the poet and thinker Paul Valéry raises once more the old question "What is a highbrow?" (And you'll hardly believe it, chums, but we ourselves, to our mingled astonishment, delight, and terror, found ourselves jovially described as a highbrow recently in an article on the Higher Cricket in the New English Review by Commander C. B. Fry, whom we have loved and revered, God knows, since our golden infancy. Cough that off, cullies.)

Valery put it across the intelligentsia by being subtly, exquisitely obscure and mystifying, like a highlyeducated maiden aunt lisping about the Absolute through three thicknesses of Witney blanket on a wet Friday afternoon. There's nothing like obscurity for reducing the highbrow boys to a state of terrified adoration. If we were in the booksy racket we 'd cash in on this infallible recipe, which is heap big medicine and strong magic. One may get the razz from James ("Boss") Agate—known in Absolute circles as "the old bold mate of Charley Morgan "-but one hits Bloomsbury for six and has every pretentious cretin speaking of one in a respectful whisper.

But one mustn't ever laugh. It frightens the fish

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Two singles at 2/3 . . . . I said singles"

#### Star of Stage and Screen

Celia Johnson at Home at "Merrimoles," in Oxfordshire



Celia Johnson's kitchen garden keeps her large household well supplied, for in addition to herself and her small son, she has five nephews and two nieces staying with her



"Merrimoles," near Nettlebed, Overlooks the Meadows of Oxfordshire

Celia Johnson has made a great name for herself by the sensitive and finely-drawn portrayals she has given in all the plays and films in which she has appeared. She has played in three Noel Coward film productions, In Which We Serve, This Happy Breed, and now stars in Brief Encounter, that has its London premiere in the autumn. Two of her most famous stage successes were as Mrs de Winter in Rehecces. her most famous stage successes were as Mrs. de Winter in Rebecca, and Elizabeth Bennet in Pride and Prejudice, both of which proved her to be an actress of outstanding ability. In private life she is the wife of Colonel Peter Fleming, the well-known author and explorer, and they have one small son, Nicholas



Swing-time for six-year-old Nicholas and his cousin, Gilly, who hold on tight before they go up in the air



Her small nephew, David, looks on while Celia Johnson has a few words with one of the horses that are out to graze in the meadow below her home

# Unchanged Through Three Years of Victories

The Army Council in Session

This exclusive picture of the Army Council in action, with its President, the Rt. Hon. Sir James Grigg, Secretary of State for War, presiding, was specially taken before the General Election by Howard Coster for The Tatler and Bystander at the War Office in the closely-guarded room where so many well-laid plans have been made and so many vital secrets discussed ever since Great Britain mobilised her then modest Army in 1939. Grave have been the tasks and risks which have faced the Army Council since those early days of World War II. It is remarkable that the membership of the Army Council remained unchanged during the three momentous years which have seen the victorious progress of the British Army from El Alamein to Berlin



Photograph by
Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The names, reading from left to right, are: Sir Eric Speed, Permanent Under-Secretary of Staff; Gen. Sir Ronald Adam, Bt., Adjutant-General to the Forces; Brig.-Gen. The Rt. (Military); The Rt. Honourable Sir James Grigg, Secretary of State for War and President; Gen. Sir Thomas Riddell-Webster, Quartermaster-General to the Forces; Lt.-Ga



(Finance); Arthur Henderson, Esq., Financial Secretary of the War Office; Lt.-Gen. Sir Archibald Nye, Vice-Chief of the Imperial General nourable Lord Croft, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State and Vice-President of the Army Council; Brig. A. H. Killick, Joint Secretary of the Army Council; A. J. Newling, Esq., Joint Secretary (Civil); Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Sir Ronald Weeks, Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff; Sir Frederick Bovenschen, Permanent Under-Secretary of State

### Mothers and Children



Ismay Taylor, Harrogate Mrs. Antony Lupton, seen with her daughter, Sarah, is the wife of Capt. W. A. Lupton, who is serving overseas, and the daughter-in-law of the late Major A. W. Lupton, of Carlton Manor, Yeadon, who was a former Yorkshire County cricket captain



Marcus Adams Mrs. J. C. Hargreaves is the wife of Lieut.-Col. J. C. Hargreaves, Grenadier Guards, of Drinkstone Park, Bury St. Edmunds, and the younger daughter of Major-General Sir John Duncan, K.C.B., D.S.O., and Lady Duncan, of Binfield, Berkshire. With her is her little daughter, Mayling



Mrs. Anthony Brett, with her son, Simon, who was two in May, is the wife of Major Anthony Brett, the Black Watch, and the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Nevile Brownell. Major Brett is the son of the late Lieut. Col. the Hon. Maurice Brett, and Mrs. Brett, who is well known to all playgoers as Zena Dare



Marcus Adams

Mrs. Robert Foot, seen with her daughter, Sally
Roberta, is the wife of Mr. Robert Foot, O.B.E., M.C.
Mr. Foot is chairman of the Mining Association of
Mr. Foot is chairman of the Mining Association of
Great Britain, and before taking up this appointment
Great Britain, and before taking up the B.B.C.
in May 1944, he was Director-General of the B.B.C.



Mrs. Charles Pretzlik is the wife of F/Lieut. Charles Pretzlik, R.A.F.V.R., a night-fighter pilot. Mrs. Pretzlik, who is seen with her small daughter, Jacqueline, aged fifteen months, was formerly Miss Susan Henderson, and the daughter of Lady Murrough Wilson



Nicholas, Wellington

#### Opening Fête at Wellington

Col. Lord Forester of Willey Park, Broseley, Shropshire, is seen opening a large fête which was held at Wellington recently. Lord Forester's regiment is the Royal Horse Guards and he has just returned home from serving abroad



Richardson, Worcester Dachshunds on Trial

Lord Wrottesley, who was judging dachshunds at the Worcester and District Canine Society's Show held at Worcester, seemed to be taking a special interest in this upstanding competitor



Film Sets for "Rake's Progress"

The well-known film architect and production designer, Mr. David Rawnsley, held an interesting exhibition recently at the Queensberry Club of his filmsets designed for the new British picture, "Rake's Progress." He is seen with Lord Queensberry



From Shakespeare to Soldiering

Major William Devlin, of the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, was before his war service of nearly six years well known as the brilliant young actor. Among his many West-End roles he scored a great success as King Lear at the Westminster, and Peer Gynt at the Old Vic

what a rush there would be on Tinkers were "if's" and "an's" pots and pans! I will believe that Chamossaire is a better colt than Dante when he beats him fairly and squarely in the Leger, but not till then. I "cry capevi" for having said recently that Rising Light was fourth in the Derby; a careless slip. I do believe, however, that His Majesty's nice colt might be placed in the Leger, for he is a dyed-in-the-wool stayer.

(Concluded on page 180)

### Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Not So!

feel that it would be most unkind to publish, though, apparently, he has no objection, has written accusing me of a misquotation, or, at any rate, an omission in citing the well-known advice of the Apulian lassic, in that I left out the words "posthume, posthume." In the first place, an ellipse is always permissible, and in the second, I should not, in any case, have put those words in so incorrectly spelt. The gentleman's name to whom Carmen XIV. Lib. II. was addressed was Postumus. He was a gloomy man, who was so afraid of death, that he hardly dared to live, and Horace wrote that little ditty for him with the praiseworthy object of trying to buck him up, and assure him that he was no worse off than the rest of us. I do beg my captious correspondent to read the rest of Carmen XIV.—if he can. I should not have troubled to put him right if his mistake had not been such a common one. It is always desirable to verify your references before you start shying brickbats. His mistake has been committed in at least one book of references.

#### Does He Win It?

Dante, of course, and the "it" is the Leger. It is probable that many more people are as tired of being asked this question as I am, and also the supplementary one. "Isn't Dante's price unfair?" What A, B or C thinks is not evidence. If this question were prefaced by the words, "on his Derby running," personally, I should say "Yes" to the first, and "No" quite emphatically to the second, just because of what we saw. As he won it, how can we believe that the extra 2 furlongs and 150 or 132 yards as the case may be, are likely to stop him? Presumably, the distance at York will be the regulation I mile 6 furlongs 132 yards, and not the 150 as at Newmarket? Dante was going away from Midas at the finish of the Derby, and it would be most unwise to lose sight of that prominent fact. It means so much. The critics, who still do not believe in Dante, say that he cannot be such a smasher as all that, because Midas only beat a miler like Court Martial, a head, and that if Chamossaire had not been squeezed on the rails, and had got his run when he wanted it, he would have swamped the lot of them. We all know







Some of the Famous Golf Personalities Who Attended the £2000 Golf Tournament at Walton Heath

Famous golfer Jimmy Braid, who is seventy-five, was a keen follower at the tournament, and was talking over the form with Dowager Lady Holderness One of the players was R. A. Knight, who defeated his old master, Henry Cotton, and was then beaten himself in the semi-final

Sir Frederick Hamilton presented a £600 cheque to the winner, R. W. Horne of Romsey, who beat Percy Alliss of Ferndown in the final







International Exhibition Lawn Tennis Matches at Fête for Aid to China Fund Held at Hurlingham

D. R. Stuart

Miss Gem Hoahing, the well-known Chinese about to auction a box of eggs. With her were Lt.-Col. D. H. Powell, M.C., O.B.E., holding an iced cake, and Surg.-Lt. Donald Paterson Two tennis players from Africa who have won many titles together in Kenya were Mrs. Dowdeswell, formerly Sheila Paterson, the Surrey County player, and Mr. Peter Young, of the Indian Civil Service, who won his Blue at Cambridge in 1933 Many international players gave their services for the exhibition matches, and among them was Capt. E. Sturges, South African Air Force, who beat Lt. E. Moylan, U.S. Navy, in a close single

#### Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

The only positive evidence that the result of the Princess of Wales's Stakes seems to provide

is that Chamossaire does not win the Leger, and that Stirling Castle imports more interest to that contest. He appears to be Dante's most formidable chal-lenger. He won his race quite comfortably by two lengths, which more than cancel out the 3 lb. he was getting from the challenger.

#### The Prices

PEOPLE who take the view of the Derby justified by the facts, can hardly be called "unfair," if they say that Dante is an odds-on chance. Shortly after the race Dante was quoted at 5 to 4 against. That was on June 18th. On the 20th he was at even money, so some people may have thought as I did, and do. On the 30th he went to 11 to 10 on, again I should judge "to money." By July 14th Dante's price had contracted to 5 to 4 on, and by July 23rd to 6 to 4 on, and Chamossaire was second favourite at 7 to 1. All this looks like betting to figures and not to panic. There is good money for the favourite, but he is not at a poor man's price. That went when all the 5 to 4 was snapped up. It is possible that, no matter how many shekels there may be to come for Chamossaire, the favourite's price will not alter appreciably between now and September 5th One bookmaker, it may observed, is laying 7—2 against Dante being placed second! Anyone who likes a fancy wager will no doubt take action. Place betting seems to be the only pastime on offer, and I suggest that Rising Light and that valiant fighter, Grand-master, might be useful pieces in the game. On their looks alone I would prefer both of them to Chamossaire, but that does not go for Midas, who is

what is called "all use," a really nice stamp, about a quarter-inch higher than Dante with not quite so much heart room, but quite enough; not so much daylight below him but quite as well let down. On looks I prefer him to Dante, and most emphatically to Chamossaire.

THE gentleman from whom they take their name was a master of the rearguard action and of those guerilla tactics so recently exhibited to us at the peak of their perfection by the valorous Tito. The art of delaying has been transmitted to all the devotees of Quintus Fabius,

both animate and inanimate, and they appear to be able to make as big nuisances of themselves as did that eminent Roman General to Hannibal. Take, for instance, that Fabian, especially on a hunting morning, or when the victim has just five minutes less than he wants to catch a train, who comes fluttering piteously demanding something she cannot for the life of her make not for the lite of her make out what, and who then says:
"Oh, never, mind, I can't think what I was doing to ask you!" Or that person who will insist upon saying: "I must just tell you this one..."
Take that gold safety air. Take that gold safety-pin you stick in your tie. You put it down for one second on your dressing table. It completely vanishes, only to come up quite unabashed a few minutes later, when it barks at you: "I was here all the time, you ape!" Take its bosom pals the button-hook and the "jockey," conspirators of the deepest dye, and quite as adept as the safety pin at the disappearing act. worst of all, take any garment of the male gender with strings on it: the dressinggown, or the pyjama. If you imagine that either of these things is going to let you pull the right string the first time, you have another think coming. Even when they do consent to hand you the rip-cord, they get it back on you by swinging the tassels in a fiendish victory roll. We can miss out back collar studs, coins, combs and their like, which prefer to roll under something just too low to let you get your hand under, for they are common form, and nothing better is expected of them; these other guerilla pests may catch anyone unawares\_

unless he is forewarned.



" Conversation Pieces" at Ascot: by "The Tout"

The Earl of Gowrie, V.C., formerly Governor-General of Australia, has always been keen on racing since the days when he was plain the Hon. "Sandy" Ruthven. He is one of the Ascot stewards and also a staunch supporter of racing under N.H. Rules. "Jimmy" Wood trains at Epsom, where his small stable has been showing good results this season. One of the inmates, Wild Wave, was a record winner at Ascot. "Jimmy" is a son of the famous jockey, Charlie Wood, who died a few months ago at the advanced age of ninety. William Hill usually to be seen on his pitch in the Members' rails, is a very big gun indeed among present-day bookmakers. Phil Bull has jumped into the front rank of leading owners in the North during the last few seasons. He trains with Cecil Ray at Malton and is a bold bidder at the bloodstock sales. Ascot is Lord Carnarvon's home meeting now that Newbury is out of action for the time being. The Duke of Norfolk, like Lord Gowrie, is a Steward at Ascot. His horses, with those of the Duchess, are trained by Willie Smyth at Arundel

THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
AUGUST 8, 1945
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Officers of an R.A.F. Station, Takoradi West African Forces

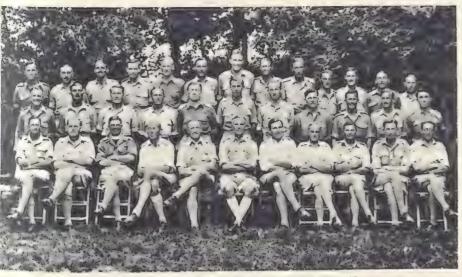
Front row: S/Ldrs. A. H. K. Stevens, V. G. B. White, C. T. R. Haswell, F/Lt. G. E. Payne, G/Capt. R. L. Wallace (C.O.), S/Ldrs. P. G. Peerless, C. E. W. Wheaton, J. B. Kinmonth, G. G. Dove. Middle row: F/Lts. R. N. Phillips, A. W. Clarey, A. Rannie, S/Ldrs. J. C. Lindsay, T. J. Lewis, G. C. S. Willis, L. A. Wigzell, F/Lts. F. D. F. Mills, C. W. Kiln, V. S. Holton. Back row: F/O.s F. Macario, G. E. Horton, F/Lts. M. Ritchie, D. P. Howlett, R. Summers, S. C. Kean, W. R. Mallan, F/O.s A. Thompson, G. G. Daw, J. A. T. Hyatt

### On Active Service



Officers of a T.A.F. R.A.F. Unit with the B.L.A.

F/Lt. J. Black, Capt. R. Hart, F/Lt. J. Pearson, Padre Dorman, F/Lt. W. Morris, S/Ldr. J. S. Lawson, F/Lts. R. Bruce, C. E. Varney, F. C. Papworth, P. M. Butler, R. Beere



Officers of a H.A.A. Regiment, R.A., C.M.F.



Officers of a Parachute Battalion

Front row: Lt. S. W. Burnard, Capt. J. D. Lunan, Majors G. L. W. Street, M.C., R. D. C. McCall, M.C., Lieut.-Col. R. T. H. Lonsdale, D.S.O., M.C., Capt. A. Awdry, Major P. N. Keymer, Capts. L. Stern, J. W. Warwick-Pengelly. Second row: Lts. F. L. Crossland, E. W. Mortimer, K. S. Allerton, N. W. Riley, Capts. D. J. Bentham, C. S. Fitzpatrick, J. E. Blackwood, M.C., Lts. A. A. Vickers, W. A. P. Grosse, J. E. Irwin. Third row: Lts. W. H. Douglas, R. A. Vlasto, J. Smith, G. N. Hayes, N. A. Robinson, J. M. Rampton, D. J. Taylor. Back row: Lts. G. R. Rowe, M.M., D. M. Price, H. C. Sparkes, R. T. Cottam, G. W. A. Bennett, J. F. Mitchell



Officers of an Infantry Brigade, B.L.A.

Sitting: Capts. N. Murray, T. Hall, Major H. W. Le Patorel, V.C., Brig. J. H. D. Wilsey, D.S.O., Capts. R. H. Smith, R. D. H. Evans, E. M. Paramore. Standing: Lt. H. M. Thomas, Capt. G. Fawcus, Lts. B. Carroll, N. F. Clifton, J. James, B. Dudley, Capt. G. H. Cochrane

Left:
Front row: Capts. A. C. Taylor, J. H. Symons (Q.M.), Rev. T. H. Morgan, Majors L. R. Reed, H. W. Gilbert, Lieut.-Col. C. H. Peppiatt, O.B.E., Capt. G. N. Minter, Majors J. Thorpe, M. P. Green, Capts. M. R. Preston. R.A.M.C., E. B. Moat, R.E.M.E. Middle row: Lts. W. E. Court, R. K. C. Giddings, M.C., Capts. E. Bell, J. Abnett, G. P. Spencer, J. R. Fortune, C. M. Petherick, R.E.M.E., R. C. Winfield, J. C. Goodwin, R. H. Dales, D. J. Orde, Back row: Lts. W. H. King, T. A. Beeby, H. G. Williams, R. S. Lankester, D. A. Chambers, G. H. Walters, H. A. E. Street, J. W. Bell, R. J. Morgan

### With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

On the Air

T is cheering to reflect that we have one art still, if not in its infancy, at the most crucial and interesting of its growing stages. I mean, radio—or, if you prefer it, broadcasting. I am not a radio critic; and circumstances, during the last few years, have made me, even, a less constant listener than I could wish. But it must be clear, even to the limited intelligence such as mine, that the possibilities of radio are now beginning to be explored; and that the exploration—albeit still fairly recent, and necessarily limited by the war-has already shown striking results. advantages, to us all, of the broadcasting of news, talks, debates and concerts are already too obvious to need comment. I am thinking, rather, of something beyond that—of the special form that radio has begun to create; just as the cinema has made, and is still making, forms of its own. A good film is something other than—is, in fact, poles apart from a merely photographed play: it is the product of a technique unique to the cinema: at the same time, it is for us a unique experience that we could not have come at in any other way.

Radio, working on its own lines, is also now exploring and perfecting a technique; it, too, offers us a unique experience. The ideal piece of broadcasting provides sensations -a combination and a range of sensations—we should otherwise have lacked. The transmission of music, the dissemination of ideas through debates and talks, and the broad-casting of "straight" plays, have all been timely supplements to our cultural life; but I feel they are secondary functions of radio. The real object of radio, on the æsthetic side, must be to make an art of its own-or, why not say straight out, be an art on its own?

#### Second Chance

THE development of creative broadcasting will depend very much on the attitude of the listening public. The post-VE expansion of the B.B.C.'s programmes will enable many experiments to be made, but these experi-ments must be met half-It will be worth while to plan one's listening ahead. For, so far, broadcasting differs from the cinema and the theatre in one important particularnothing happens twice. The broadcast, unlike the film or play, does not "run": if one misses it, one misses it for ever. There are, I believe, sometimes repeat performances, but these are far, far too rare.

My own failure to hear Edward Sackville-West's The Rescue - of which Part I was performed by the British Broadcasting Company on November 25th, 1943, Part II. being given on the following evening, November 26thhas for a long time gnawed me. I am therefore particularly grateful to Messrs. Secker and Warburg, who have now published *The Rescue*, at 21s. And my gratitude will, I dare say, be shared by many who, having heard the broadcast, will be glad to examine, at reader's pace, this distinguished, unique and beautiful piece of work. As a book, this might be called a "Victory" volume—wrapper, binding, print and hand-made paper are in themselves a feast: a refreshing escape from the dreary bounds of wartime austerity book-production.

Benjamin Britten wrote the music forthe music that was, indeed, an integral part of—The Rescue. It is, as the publishers say, beyond the scope of this book to print a single bar of the score. But, if the broadcast in print lacks one element present in its performance, it has had added to it, in this form, something

as notable—five illustrations by Henry Moore.
This is the first occasion on which the designs of this artist have appeared as direct illustrations to a text.

Capt. Derek Tangye, seen with his wife at their cottage on the river at Mortlake, is the author of the very fine book "One King," described by Sir Edward Grigg "remarkable, vivid, accurate and concise." This is Capt. Tangye's third book. He is the grandson of the late Sir Richard Tangye, founder of the famous engineering firm

What, then, is The Rescue? It is a radio melodrama based on the Odyssey. When I say "melodrama," I ask you at once to banish any debased conceptions,

and to have in mind the Oxford English Dictionary's definition—by which melo-drama is "a play, usually romantic and sensational in plot and incident, in which songs are interspersed and in which the action is accompanied by orchestral music appro-priate to the situations."

Mr. Sackville-West, in his "Preamble," says:

My play is romantic and

sensational because the Odyssey has that character, not because it is the only kind of drama suited to the micro-Radio is in fact susceptible of carrying far more degrees of dramatisation than the stage or screen, because of the extreme flexibility of the medium and its wide powers of imaginative suggestion. Even the "straight" talk has elements of drama in it, conferred by the listener's focus on the personality of the unseen speaker, and by the shape of the talk itself, which has to be designed to grip and hold attention from first to last. . . From the moment that the central narration becomes interspersed with characterised voices, used for illustrative purposes like pictures in a book, drama becomes overt. This is perhaps the most characteristic, as it is certainly the most usual, form of dramatised broadcast, and it has great advantages: it is unambiguous, admits of extreme compression of the material in hand, and is relatively easy to manage.

But it has one major snag:

dramatic rise and fall-the

build-up without which drama

cannot but fail-is apt to elude those who favour this

form of programme. The word artist means joiner, and

the artist in radio composition is (perhaps more evidently (Concluded on page 184)

### Caravan Causerie

OT far away from my home there lives an actress - in

Edwardian days famous on two continents for her charm, her grace, her winning personality and her piquant beauty. Something of that piquant beauty still remains, but it is now lit by an expression so sad that it makes the heart ache. One remembers with such vividness the years of her triumphs, that the heart-ache is, however, tinged by a faint anger against her present frozy metamorphosis. She is rich; she lives in a lovely flat; she has, by her charm and cleverness; attained a social

position. Then why, one asks oneself quite uselessly, doesn't she buy herself a new

hat? Her clothes look as if they had not had a coupon spent on them since the war began, and even earlier. Indeed, she has badly let my generation down! We, who without ever having had charm, or grace, or a winning personality, while our beauty lay almost entirely in the eyes of love (if any), are struggling hard to look ten years younger, while here is one, who was blessed with all these admirable gifts, become fat and doddery

without apparently one defensive kick. Instead of being a banner to her contemporaries, she now exists as a kind of hammer to their vanity. If she, we say to ourselves, who once had hereditary monarchs at her feet and might still look like a goddess, though manifestly time-blown, appears like this—had not we, who only had our toes trodden on by kings, better go forth to

break every looking-glass in the house? We don't, of course; because we have only reached that stage which realises there are looking-glasses and lookingglasses; it is all a question of quick-silver and lighting. Indeed, there are certain mirrors which we have got quite

Age, of course, is more a mental state than a bodily one, and if only we rushed to the rescue of the mind and less

fond of: others that we loathe.

frequently patched-up the By Richard King body, we should not see so many elderly women around who seem to believe that

now they can no longer awake passion, they might as well, metaphorically speaking, go about déboutonnée all over. Or, peradventure, when they realise that, in spite of all Nature's mishaps, there can still be beauty in autumnal tints, immediately translate that realisation into terms of spring; consequently looking like December 31st when they are really only in mid-November.

After all, there is so much left of interest in life even when one is too stiff to dance the Rumba. And, although "I love you!" may no longer fall on eager ears, experience has shown us that it never meant very much even when it was accompanied by perspiration. Age, like a long evening spent quietly at home, depends for its profit on how we spent the now-dying day. If you've lived almost entirely dependent upon other people, then it can be tragically lonely, and is likely to become a bore, both unto oneself and others. But if you have always kept a large slice of your inner life for your joy alone—then and always providing that an unkind Nature doesn't rub her hands gleefully, crying: "Here goes one for a good chunk of neuritis, the best bronchitis in stock, and a gem among lethargic livers!" -you can, when the time comes and you have to relax and let the busy world get on without you, garner a rich harvest.

Most of the non-physical interests still remain mellower now that greater freedom can be enjoyed, because extraneous people and things have ceased to bother with you any more. We can live our own life to a greater extent and think own life to a greater extent and think our own thoughts with far more "dang" to the consequences. Instead of "letting ourselves go" we should rather tighten ourselves up. Time is short. There is quite a lot of mental fun left in life even when the body creaks and cracks like a jerry-built window in a gale.

### **Getting Married**

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Bates - Kendall-Lane

Capt. Geoffrey V. Bates, M.C., 8th Hussars, only son of the late Major C. R. Bates, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Bates, of Flinthill, West Haddon, Rugby, married Miss Kitty Kendall-Lane, daughter of Mr. Ernest Kendall-Lane, of Saskatchewan, Canada, and niece of Mrs. Ricardo, of Flat 8, Grosvenor House, Park Lane



Sweet - Pease-Watkin

Capt. Etienne H. Sweet, R.A.C., son of Lieut.-Col. E. H. Sweet, C.M.G., D.S.O., of Oaklands, Crowthorne, Berkshire, and of the late Mrs. Sweet, married Miss Mary Pamela Pease-Watkin, only daughter of Brig. and Mrs. E. H. P. Pease-Watkin, of Ashley Cottage, Hythe. at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Hodgson - Ley

Mr. Arthur Brian Hodgson, Colonial Administrative Service, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hodgson, of Westfields, Iffley, Oxford, married Miss Ann Patricia H. Ley, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Ley, of Dar-es-Salaam, et St. Alban's Church, Dar-es-Salaam



Walker — McAdam

Lt.-Col. C. M. Walker, R.A., son of Col. C. W. G. Walker, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Walker, of the Manor House, South Cerney, Cirencester, married Miss Enid Dorothy McAdam, daughter of Mr. W. A. McAdam, Agent-Gen. for British Columbia, and Mrs. McAdam, of British Columbia House, Regent St., S.W. I



Derouet — McGillycuddy

Lieut. J. D. (Tim) Derouet, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Derouet, of Graytiles, Niton Undercliff, Isle of Wight, married Miss Phyllida Anne McGillycuddy, only daughter of Lieut. Col. The McGillycuddy of The Reeks, D.S.O., and Madam McGillycuddy, of Beaufort, Co. Kerry, Eire



Mash — Benn

Mr. A. E. L. Mash, Director of Public Relations at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, of The Wield, Betchworth, son of Mrs. A. Mash, of 96, Manor Road, Mitcham, married Miss Julia W. Benn, younger daughter of Sir Ernest and Lady Benn, of Morven, Oxted, at Tandridge, Surrey



Inglis — Frankland

Capt. J. G. T. Inglis, R.N., son of the late Rev. and Mrs. Rupert Inglis, married Miss Maud Dorrien Frankland, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Frankland, at the Church of St. Michael, Cheriton, Hants



Comer - Jackson

Capt. Edward T. Comer, U.S. Army, of Eufaula, Alabama, U.S.A., married Miss Elizabeth Jackson, only child of the late Major-General H. W. Jackson, C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., and of Mrs. Jackson, of Crofton Lodge, Grafton Road, Cheltenham, at SS. Philip and James's Church, Cheltenham



Harris — Williams

Lieut. Lionel H. Kennedy Harris, R.A., only son of the late Mr. H. L. Graham Harris, and elder son of Mrs. E. D. Gannon, of Winton, Harrow-on-the-Hill, married Miss Annette Evelyn Williams, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Williams, of Estancia Monte Ralo, Villa Valeria, F.C.P., Argentina

### Priscilla in Paris

#### English Without Tears

As an almost sightless, scarred and battered-as to body—D.P. said to me this morning: "We all have our troubles," I wondered to which of the many blows dealt him by Fate (a euphemism for Nazis) he referred, and I was preparing to discreetly voice the question when he continued, "Belgium has Leopold, we have Pétain . . .", and he added, with kindly contempt, the French equivalent of "poor old blighter!"

It was a little past five o'clock, and I was driving four shattered wrecks of humanity to a railway station. D.P. trains still have the

strange custom of arriving in the middle of the night and departing at dawn. We were passing in front of the Palais de Justice, and already cordons of agents de police were forming up. It was a gorgeous, peaceful morning. Sunshine on the massive grey buildings of the Law Court and Prefecture transformed the dark waters of the river to a shimmering bronze green, and across the bridge the multi-coloured mass of the flower market. As we shirred over the wood-paved road, the pigeons, who have somehow managed to remain fat, rose heavily or lazily waddled out of our way.

My D.P. continued: "Whatever they do to him the old man will

soon be out of it all, but Leopold has a good few nightmares ahead of him!" Then he stoke of other things of his little him!" Then he spoke of other things, of his little home and garden, near Nancy, that he will have to rebuild and make for the second time, as it was overrun by the Huns in 1914... of his daughter's new baby that he has not yet seen, and of the wild rabbit stew that his wife will surely make him. Pétain, a negligible quantity, was not referred to again. This, I think, is the general attitude of the non-political minded, and how heartily one can say "thank God" for it.

As you can imagine, Paris has gone all English-spoken-and-Americanunderstood! Every midinette has her phrase-book or some sort of English-without-tears, while the more conservative hastily thumb over their pocket dictionaries. The latter, of course, have more difficulty in making good, but it's wonderful how chatty they get . . . given time!

In the old days there used to be a weekly periodical called "La Semaine à Paris," in which were listed all the places of entertainment. The opening and closing hours of the museums were given and the addresses of the worth-while restaurants. Now a paper called the addresses of the worth-while restaurants. Now a paper called "Parisian Weekly Information" has taken its place, written entirely in English. (English.? Sez they!) The information is sound, except anent the restaurants that, owing to the Black Market, are of the here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow order. The editor, who, judging from his name, is French, very rightly wishes to employ his fellow-countrymen. The articles, therefore, are written in French and then translated. The result makes mighty funny reading and the film criticious have to be seen to be believed.

ranslated. The result makes highly fully feating and the limit criticisms have to be seen to be believed.

What do you think of this: "So-and-So [I won't give his name, for should the production come to London I don't want to crab it in advance], the great specialist of large scenery, pictures, chorus girls and singers, signed here a typical music-hall film"; and how do you think little Judy Garland, if she ever sees it, would like: "She succeeds in making us forget her looks with her intelligence and mobile Writing of Ralph Richardson, another critic is translated as saying: "He plays with intelligence, wit and indifference. You must saying: He plays with intengence, wit and infinite learner. For mixes see this refined man smile, start the fight, get arrested, run, excuse himself, get hurt, always quiet and clever"! Writing of a young ballerina who was awarded a first prize at this year's Concours du Conservatoire, another So-and-So writes: "She is a charming girl of eighteen years old. A young girl like all others at first sight who only likes going out with her parents, who has the sweetest cat you can imagine (I saw him and he was very polite to me), and who hopes to go and have a nice rest on the seaside this summer. Her mother looks almost as young as herself, and her father the same! Sabine L——— is a lucky girl"!

We wonder on which count Sabine is the luckiest. Because Mom and Pop look as young as she does (which might be a bit of a handicap if she ever walks out without them), because she has the sweetest cat,

or because she is going on the seaside?

The synopsis of a new French film gives one a positive yearn to book seats in advance: "A young boy goes home by the last subway. In his student's flat he hear a cry 'Help,' and sees through the window two men hitting a woman. In spite of his terror, he decides to interfere. He throws a bulb-lamp at the feet of the aggressors. ment. The bandits leave. The student brings the pretty girl back to her senses. Then he definitely forgets his terrors and decides to take her home, but the taxi will leave without him. From this little fact comes out a pleasant and quick intrigue. . . ." etc.! There are some comes out a pleasant and quick intrigue. . . . " etc.! There are sor thirty pages of this sort of thing, and it nearly all makes good reading.

Mentioning the Black Market, above, reminds me to tell you that, at last, the Powers-that-Be seem to be making slight headway in coping with it. This means that, for the moment, we are on shorter commons than ever, but we pin our faith to the old cliché about the darkest hour before dawn, we tighten our belts and are ready to go the (s)-limit of endurance. What does get our goat, however, is when we bring out our last reserves—the last box of sardines, the last dab of salt butter and the last few spoonfuls of flour—and, with a whole week's rations, cook up a quite nice little meal for the Invited-Guest-fromacross-the-water, we hear, a few days later, that he (or she) has told the world that Parisians are not nearly so badly off as they would PRISCILLA. have people believe!

#### WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 182)

than any other) one who joins things together-words, music, all manner of sounds. But whatever is joined must make a ring, not a straight ribbon. All too many broadcasts of this kind are simply tape-measures pulled out to a certain length. The effect of this is lame and pointless, yet it is the chief mistake which all inexpert script-writers tend to make.

Fully dramatised scripts—those which dispense with a Narrator—do not incur the same risk, but they are immeasurably more difficult to manipulate, because of the supreme importance of making clear, without seeming to do so, who is

speaking, where, and why.

. Questions of time, space, transition and action are perhaps the chief problems which the artist in radio has to solve, but there are others, less superficial, of which the most important concerns the *visual* element. . . . A considerable effort of the writer's imagination is required, if the listener is to receive anything like a vivid image of what is taking place. . . . This can only be done successfully by indirect suggestion.

I have quoted, at unusual length, from the "Preamble," because In ave quoted, at unusual length, from the "Preamble," because Mr. Sackville-West's discussion of its inherent problems adds interest to one's reading of *The Rescue*. In itself, as it stands, *The Rescue* is literature—impressive in its conception, poignantly beautiful in its language. But it is more than this—it is a genuine triumph over the difficulties of radio form. For instance, for two examples of creating visual images through the heard word, let me refer you to page 30, where the scene of Penelope's conversation with her hand-maiden is conjured into being by Eurynome's saying: "There always seems to me to be a glare in this room—perhaps it is the height—and the white walls—so bare!" Also, to some lines of dialogue on page 44:

PENELOPE: Phemius, come to the window. Look out with me into the

cave of night . . . down there-

PHEMIUS: In the town . . . torches.

PENELOPE: See how they flare and steam in the rain-

PHEMIUS: Flockmeal they come, darting to and fro like fireflies between the waving fingers of the cypress trees.

PENELOPE: So many! So many! (With sudden fear.) What is happening down there, Phemius?

#### Try This

I RECOMMEND Crazy Like a Fox, by S. J. Perelman (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), to those already feeling not too good. Reading Mr. Perelman brings the thing to a head. As this historic summer rolls to its end, in a crackle of world events, I feel there should be quite a public for Mr. Perelman. He is a natural denizen of that sphere one associates RECOMMEND Crazy Like a Fox, by S. J. Perelman (Heinemann; with the Marx Brothers-more, I find we do actually owe to him their finer, and madder, films: he framed many of Groucho's immortal cracks. If you do not like the Marx Brothers, you will probably not like Mr. Perelman; in which case Crazy Like a Fox will be torture to you. I recommend this book—which has left me feeling considerably better than I did—with every reservation in the world.

Possibly, the maladies in which he revels are specifically those of

America, but we and America share the same to-day; and a number of the benefits of our civilisation are imported to us from that great We are going that way, if we have not actually got there. Maybe we should know the American background-and particularly the New York and Hollywood background-better than many of us do, in order to appreciate Mr. Perelman fully. Even so, as an average British reader, I found that practically every page in this awful book extracted from me a hoarse, racking laugh. We have already met him in the New Yorker. The collective effect of a number of Perelman

in the New Yorker. The collective effect of a number of Perelman pieces, inside the covers of one book, is very powerful.

Mr. Perelman devours pulp magazines and trade journals. The effects of these on him are to be seen in some of his best pieces—such as "Somewhere a Roscoe," "Beauty and the Bee," "The Body Beautiful," "Woodman, Don't Spare that Tree!" "To Sleep, Perchance to Steam," and "Captain Future, Don't Block that Kick!" He also resumes for us several numbers of that notable fortnightly The Jitterbug, "devoted to the activities of alligators, hepcats and exaltée of swing "devoted to the activities of alligators, hepcats and exaltés of swing everywhere." "Avocado, or the Future of Eating," strikes a practical gastronomic note; and "Down with the Restoration" devotes itself to young couples who make over old farmhouses. "Kitchen Bouquet" reminds us that servant troubles are not confined to our own green and pleasant land. . . . However, see for yourselves.

#### Charity Schools

It is interesting to learn, or to be reminded, in the course of reading Rex Warner's English Public Schools ("Britain in Pictures" Series; Collins; 4s. 6d.), that those great institutions of which he writes were, in the first place, in a good many cases strictly charity schools. That is to say, they were endowed with a view to the education of penniless lads: the well-to-do continued, for centuries, to be educated at home. Mr. Warner writes stimulatingly-without being out-and-out controversial—on what could be a controversial subject. English Public Schools has, as a long essay, the distinction already associated with its author's name. In inviting such a spontaneous and independent writer as Rex Warner to tackle a subject so mined with inherited feeling and hung about with tradition, those responsible for the Series have made a bold, but I should say wholly successful, experiment.

Mr. Warner has not dealt with schools singly the has kept to an historic survey of this British institution as a whole; showing the development, from century to century, of what one might call the public school idea. He isolates any one school only in so far as it, for the moment, happens to illustrate one of his points. He devotes an excellent section to "Three Reformers"—Russell of Charterhouse, Butler of Shrewsbury,

and Arnold of Rugby.



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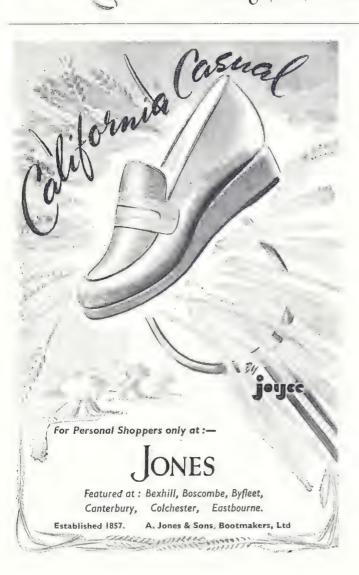
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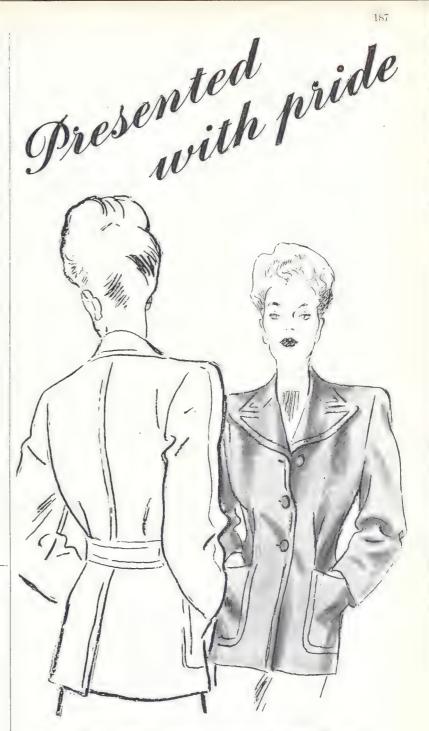
3 Embassy Buildings, CHESHAM, Bucks



■ In spite of reports that birds will be scarce, the opening of the first post-war season is eagerly anticipated. For a day with the guns these girls have chosen their clothes at Jaeger's. On the left is a Norfolk suit of red and green tweed with deep pleats in the skirt and freedom fullness in the jacket; on the right a box jacket of pure wool is worn with a check skirt cut on the cross with two deep pleats. The hand-made felt hat (£3 5s. 7d.), the leather gloves with hand-knitted backs (£2 16s.) and the ribbed lisle stockings (10s. 10d.) complete the picture. All are from the Jaeger shop in Regent Street







A half-belt emphasises the neat waist of this comfortable easy-fitting tailored sports jacket. In dove grey, rust, camel, tan, green, navy and black. Sizes 12, 14, 16. Fully lined. £14 17s. 6d. and 12 coupons. Women's Shop. 4th Floor.



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### Bubble & Squeak

#### Stories from Everywhere

THE vicar had tried all ways to stop one of his parishioners drinking himself to death. One day he said to the man, an enthusiastic dog

"Did you know that giving a pup whisky stopped its growth?"

'Yes," replied the toper, "I tried it once."

"Oh, did you? What happened?"
"Pup died."
"Aha!" cried the vicar, "and wasn't that a lesson

to you?"
"Aye," said the other, grimly, "it taught me never to waste good whisky on dogs!"

A SMALL girl was taken during her school holidays to the Natural History Museum. When she reached home her father asked her how she had enjoyed

herself.
"Very much, daddy," said the child, "mummy took me to a dead circus.

 ${
m T}$  HE doctors, after much consultation, had at last decided that Mr. Blank, after twenty years in the

mental home, was fit to be released.

On the morning of his release Mr. Blank was allowed to shave himself instead of having to submit to the attentions of the barber in the home. Turning

to address a remark to one of the attendants who had come to wish him good-bye, his razor caught the string which supported the shaving mirror, which fell to the ground.

When Mr. Blank tried to go on with his shave he looked at the blank wall. "Well," he said, with a sigh, "if that isn't just my luck. After twenty years in this place, on the very day I'm going to be let out, I've been and cut my head off!"

THE blonde English chorus girl had made quite a hit in America. She was asked here, there and every-where, and one evening found herself at a literary supper party.

With a blank smile she listened to a great deal of talk about Aldous Huxley, Somerset Maugham, Bernard Shaw, and other British authors. Then someone mentioned H. G. Wells, and her face bright-

ened.
"We don't think much of Wells over in England,"

she said, firmly.
"Whom do you mean by 'we'?" asked one of the American guests.

The chorus girl looked at him sweetly.

"Mother and I," she said.



A romantic reunion in London after six years' separation led to the wedding of Mr. J. W. Pemberton, Managing Director of the Ambassadors Theatre, where he is presenting his own revue, "Sweeter and Lower," and Mlle Suzy Primerose, one of the leading musical comedy stars in Brussels before the war. Bride and groom are seen above cutting the cake with Gretchen Franklin, Hermione Gingold and Ilena Sylva looking on

A LAWYER was assisting two men in drawing up articles of partnership. The lawyer went through the documents before the final signing, and suddenly said: "But there is no mention of fire or bankruptcy; these

Both the partners spoke at once: "Quite right," they said, "put them in; but the profits are to be divided equally in both

THE small son of the house had been told that he must always wait pati-ently till he was served at meals, and not draw attention to himself. One day he was dining out at friend's house with his mother, and somehow he was accidently overlooked. Nobody noticed, and for a time he was patient, but at last he could stand it no longer. Leaning across to his mother, he said in an audible whisper:

"Mother, do little boys who starve to death go to heaven?"

To celebrate his uncle's eightieth birthday, an aviation enthusiast offered to take him for a plane ride over the little West Virginia town where he'd spent all his life.

The octogenarian accepted the offer.

Back on the ground, after circling over the town for twenty minutes or so, the nephew asked: "Were you scared, uncle?"
"No-o-o," was the hesitant answer. "But I never did put my full weight down."

TOURIST in the East was being pestered by a guide

A TOURIST in the East was being pestered by a game who dogged his footsteps for hours.

"Look here, my lad," said the tourist at last in exasperation, "if you follow me another inch I'll exasperation, the nose. D'you understand give you a punch on the nose. D'you understand that?"

"Yes, sair," replied the guide, "an' after you have gave me the ponch on the nose I show you round all day, an' I charge you only four shillings



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### Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Private Flying

PRESUMABLY private flying will not be looked upon very kindly by the new Government. With that fall in favour none of us must quarrel for it is the expression of the opinion of the majority. But I do press upon our new Secretary of State for Air the advisability of an early statement of policy towards private flying.

When Lord Swinton met the deputation from the Royal Aero Club, headed by Lord Gorell, in June, extremely conflicting views were heard. Lord Swinton, advised by the Air Staff, said that private and club flying had been of almost negligible value to the defences of this country. But Commander Alan Goodfellow replied that ninety per cent of Fleet Air Arm pilots in 1939 came from the clubs. Moreover, the Air Transport Auxiliary and the corps of companies' test pilots were largely supplied by private flyers. I feel that the club, if not the private owner, deserves to be given a chance, and I would like to see both of them given a chance. I believe that, with the fullest possible amount of freedom, private flying might provide a much larger and more useful market for the aircraft industry than has so far been supposed.

Achievement

Rolls-Royce Ltd. must always provide an attractive study to those who are in search of the secrets of success. I believe that even the company's competitors would agree when I say that the leaders of British aero-engine development ever since the appearance of the Kestrel engine have been Rolls-Royce. Their engines have been used by our fastest fighters ever since and the Battle of Britain was won by one engine and one only, the Merlin. (To save further errors, official and unofficial, I must add that this is the name of the bird and not the magician. It falls in the category of Rolls-Royce engines from the Falcon to the Vulture

and the Griffon.)

In view of this company's remarkable achievements it is always interesting to hear Mr. E. W. Hives on the engineering side or Sir Arthur Sidgreaves on the policy side. They have to look forward with a keenness of sight be-yond the ordinary if they are to keep the company in its leading position as they have done for so many years. It was satisfactory to hear Mr. Hives comparing German jet development with British and finding that, although the German work was remarkable in that it had done so much when hampered by a shortage of special metals, it was behind our own when the units were measured on a thrust, weight, economy basis. But I did not feel that the point raised by one questioner about the performance of the Meteor twinjet aircraft was fully covered. This questioner said that he had been in Belgium with our



W/C Cliff Rudland and W/C Walter Stern are both officers at H.Q. No. II Fighter Group. W/C Rudland has both the British and American D.F.C.s, and has recently completed four years' unbroken operational flying, while W/C Stern served with No. 615 County of Surrey Auxiliary Squadron, and went with them to France in 1939

first Meteor squadron and that the pilots of that squadron said that the Meteor was one hundred miles an hour slower than the Messerschmitt 262.

Captain Eric Smith, the Chairman of Rolls-Royce, gave some remarkable facts about the war achievements of the company. They proved its capacity to meet any kind of emergency, including those of creating a new 40-millimetre gun, and of providing power units for motor boats and tanks. Meanwhile, most of us who are technically minded are looking forward to the day when the Ministry of Aircraft Production will release some of the details of the Rolls-Royce in the company.

Mails and Freight

Some of the latest American predictions about future air traffic suggest that the biggest increases are to come in mails and freight. We ought, therefore, to think rather less of the passenger machines of the future and rather more of the mail and cargo machines. At present air mail is in a state of chaos. Complaints come in frequently that excess postage has been paid in order to make use of the air mail service and that the letters have arrived after the ones sent at the same time by the ordinary mails. Then there seems to be some discrimination by the Post Office between letters franked for transmission by air mail and those sent in special air-mail envelopes. My advice to those about to use the air mail is don't. At least I recommend that they do not use it until the Post Office makes it much clearer what it undertakes to do for a given extra fee.

Cargo is at present almost entirely ignored. I have not seen any offers by British Overseas Airways or anybody else in this country to carry cargo by air. A small amount of personal luggage is taken, but that seems to be all, and one must be a passenger to get that facility. Again the Americans are rushing ahead. Their airlines are now offering to transport goods across the Atlantic by air so that air passengers are not restricted to the very small quantity of luggage so far allowed them, but can send on heavy trunks with the guarantee that these will be delivered at the stated address almost as soon as the passengers arrive.

The Bristol Company's freighter is a sign that some British concerns have

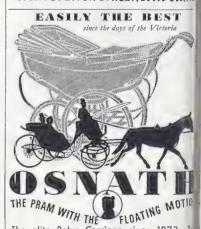
The Bristol Company's freighter is a sign that some British concerns have been thinking in terms of cargo, but the number is so far too few. And as for the air transport companies they do not seem to be particularly interested. Or, at any rate, if they are interested they have been singularly successful in keeping the fact secret.





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By the way—When snapping a person do not stand too near or too far away from the subject. With most simple cameras the best distance is about 10 feet. If you have a portrait lens or attachment, or a focussing camera, you may go nearer according to instructions.

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It is nevertheless hoped that the shops will receive increasing quantities of Horlicks as the months go by, but if you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because many continue to have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

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2. Simmer until most of the water has evaporated and prunes are really tender. This takes approximately I hour. Cut the prunes, remove stones, and rub through a sieve. If purée is too

stiff, add a little boiled water at the end. This should yield about 3 oz. of purée.

3. Strained prunes are good for your baby. They are a fine energy food, rich in iron. It is not recommended, however, to feed prune purée to infants until they are over six months. Strained carrots and spinach, on the other hand, may be given in the fifth month, a few teaspoonfuls before the two o'clock feed.

Brand & Co. Ltd., makers of Brand's Essence, by packing Brand's Baby Foods in glass bottles, save you the trouble of straining vegetables at home; but unfortunately your chemist or grocer may not always have all you need. It's worth asking him, though, because Brand's Baby Foods are made with vegetables picked at their prime, then steam-cooked and vacuum-packed to retain all their goodness. They are already sieved and ready to serve.

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the heat very great. Up before daybreak and walked towards the city,

How well is the country served in this manner! It is indeed a prodigious task; the news of the day is waited for everywhere. Would to God there were the same thirst for historical painting and the fine arts! I talked with the Serjeant

at the door and caught a glimpse of the scene within - all in a bustle - the long tables gleaming from the constant passage of the newspapers from end to end. Outside, the red vans hurry-ing off to catch the mails. Walked a little further eastwards before turning home. St. Paul's very fine against the pure

dawning sky.

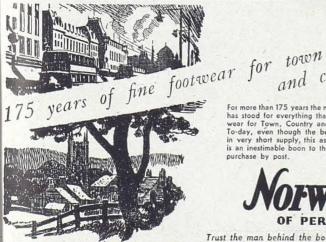
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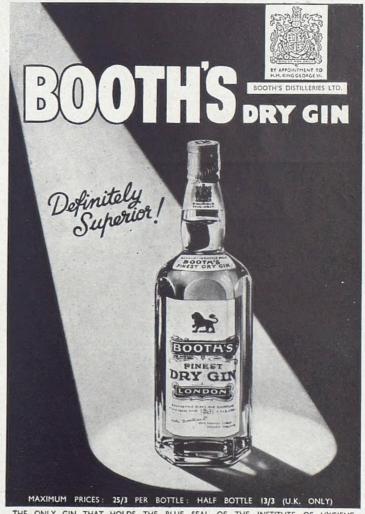
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